Cowardice and Courage Both Have Their Effect Upon the Career of a Feminine Bridge Engineer.

THE SWIMMING MASTER

BY HONORE WILLSIE.

JEAN Atwood was a bridge engineer. She had been graduated from a midwestern university, the only woman in a class of eighty, and she had been given special mention for the originality and soundness of her work in bridge-design.

Jean at twenty-two was the best tennis player among the 500 girls in the university, and there was not a baker's dozen of men out of the four thousand who could beat her at the game.

She was distractingly pretty. But no one ever flirted with Jean. The truth was that Jean was bashful. That Jean had done the seemingly courageous deed of studying engineering was



JEAN.

due merely to a promise made to her dying father. That she was a first-class tennis player was due to this same father, who had taught her to play.

Jean finished college, and in July of the same summer landed in New York. She brought with her $100 and a letter from the dean to William Elkins of the firm of Elkins and Company, bridge builders.

Jean waited in a bare little reception room for half an hour. Finally a door marked "private" opened, and a stenographer came out.

"Mr. Elkins will see you now," she said.

Jean entered a large room, furnished in mahogany and filled with a vivid glow from a western sun. There was a huge flat-topped desk in the middle of the room. A man seated before it rose and offered Jean his hand.

Bill Elkins was about thirty-two years old. He was tall and slender with a thin, long-jawed Yankee face. His lips were thin and firm, and his blue eyes were large and a little sad. Jean was conscious that he was smiling at her as if she were an interesting child.

"My old friend Haskins is certainly an admirer of yours, Miss Atwood," he said. "Sit down, won't you? I'm frankly curious. This is the first time I've ever met a woman engineer."

"It's not as strange as it sounds," returned Jean. "My mother died when I was a baby, and my father brought me up. He was an inventor and his heart was set on my being an engineer. So here I am. It's not a really unusual story," she concluded.

"It might be," objected Elkins, "if one knew the details." He looked from Jean, out of the window and back again at the girl. Jean waited with breathless eagerness. Elkins eyed her very earnestly. He considered the eyes, set so deeply and far apart, the wide brow and the firm round chin.

"I hate to disappoint you," he said finally, "but we have nothing open but a draftsman's job at twenty-five a week. And I don't want to give you that. You'd be the only woman in a room full of young men."

"Oh, that doesn't matter!" exclaimed Jean. "I grew used to that in college."

"You! I'm not bothered about you! I'm thinking of those youngsters. You are unnecessarily good-looking for an engineer.

Jean sat forward eagerly in her chair.

"Mr. Elkins, that really doesn't count! The fellows all treated me as if I were another boy."

"It might not count in college"—Elkins' voice was grim—but it will count in the engineering business. It's counting heavily with me this minute, against, not for you—as an engineer. I'll be hanged if I think a very beautiful woman can succeed in a man's profession."

Jean stared out the window. Her father had admitted to her that she was more than passably good-looking.

"I'll dress very plainly," she said finally, "and wear my hair unbecomingly. It's not fair," she went on vehemently, "to consider me as a woman when I apply for this job. I'm an engineer, and a good one. Dean Haskins says I have real talent. Don't you need that in your concern?"

"Goodness knows we do!" exclaimed Elkins. "We seem to have everything here but talent."

He read the dean's letter again; then he said slowly: "Well, I'll try you on that draftsman's job. It's up to you to get ahead, though. You understand that, don't you?"

Jean nodded, and for the first time a timid look dimmed the brilliancy of her deep eyes.

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ELKINS rose, taking the dean's letter of introduction. "Come. I'll introduce you to the head draftsman." Then, as if he caught the new look in Jean's eyes, he added with a sudden lapse from his businesslike tones: "And if you don't make good, I shall be more disappointed than I ever was in my life."

Jean caught her breath, and for a long moment blue eyes looked deep into black. She never was to forget that look. Jean, unsophisticated, with so little self-confidence, knew that she was destined to love Bill Elkins.

The drafting room was flooded with golden summer light. The eighteen or twenty men looked up as the door opened, but fell to work again as the boss entered. The head draftsman, Jim Farrow, read the dean's letter with an expressionless eye, showed Jean to her drawing desk and told her to report at 9 o'clock the next morning. But Jean knew that from the moment Farrow laid eyes on her, he resolved that only over his prostrate body should she mount one step in the firm of Elkins & Co.; and her heart sank within her.

As for the drafting room itself, it was incredulous, then hostile, then friendly; and then Jean became merely one of the pleasant, well-liked workmen of the firm.

Jean's first month merged into a second and third; six months, a year passed. Jean was still an efficient, inoffensive draftsman and nothing more. During all that time she never had more than a greeting from Elkins. Outside the office, matters had gone better. Jean had kept up her tennis on the public courts, and there made friends of some pleasant people. But she was not happy. With her second year in New York, she realized the firm of Elkins & Co. was not doing well in the world of bridge building. The drafting-room diagnosis of the latter condition was fairly accurate and was interwoven with comment on the boss that Jean at first resented. But she came to believe that all that was said of him was correct.

The drafting room said that he was not a spot on his father as an office executive, that he was a brilliant field engineer, and it was too bad that he hadn't sense enough to stay in the field after his father's death and let some one else run the New York end. Why, ran the gossip, some of his achievements in the field when a mere boy just fresh from college were classics. His handling of his men, his quick resourcefulness, the speed and sureness of his construction—no one ever had excelled him.

Bill Elkins lacked creative imagination and didn't know it. That was why the firm was not getting the big contracts it had in the old man's day. The old man was a real mixer. This exclusive stuff might be all right in an uptown club, but it was a poor commodity on West street.

She had been with the firm two years when, leaving the office late one afternoon, she ran onto Elkins in the elevator. To her astonishment, Mr. Elkins added a word or two to his customary greeting.

"Still in the drafting room, Miss Atwood?"

"Yes, Mr. Elkins," replied Jean.

He eyed her speculatively, and as the elevator stopped at the main floor, he said slowly:

"I'm disappointed in you." And putting on his hat he disappeared out of a side entrance.

"The brute!" she exclaimed to herself as she plunged into the subway. "I'd like to tell him that I'm disappointed in him, and so's every one else. Conceited snip! Why doesn't he give me a chance? Think of the Chilean contract we're bidding for! We'll lose that too. I could crochet a better design than the one Mr. Elkins has O.K.'d."

She was still fuming when she let herself in at the door of the apartment. Her landlady met her in the hall.

"I moved you into the rear room today, Miss Atwood. I had a chance to rent your room for two months at double the rent, and I knew you wouldn't mind."

"It doesn't seem fair," said Jean a little fretfully, but with the familiar sinking of the heart at the thought of a row.

"Not fair! Not fair!" The landlady's voice rose.

"Oh, all right!" returned Jean meekly, and she went on into the dark, hot bedroom.

She threw herself down on the couch bed. Disappointed in her! Suggestion after suggestion she had made, and Jim Farrow, through whom all suggestions must be made, merely laughed at her.

"Cunning, isn't it?" he'd say of her designs. "Nice tatting pattern. Why don't you try it on a woman's magazine?"

She lay for a long time, bitterly considering her failure. Finally, Jean went to work on some sketches of her own for the Chilean contract, sketches which she knew would never reach the eye of either the chief engineer or of Bill Elkins——.

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IT was perhaps a week afterward that Jean Atwood spent a Sunday with some of her friends at a quiet little resort on the sound. When the bathing hour came, Jean was playing gingerly in the water close to shore when a man swam in from the float and stood up beside her. It was the boss.

"How do you do, Miss Atwood? I was waiting for you to come out to the float."

"I can't swim," acknowledged Jean.

"Can't swim?"

"No, I'm—I'm afraid of the water."

Every line of Elkins' lean, tanned face expressed surprise. "Afraid! Why, I saw you play a superb game of tennis this morning. Aren't you afraid of the tennis balls?"

"No, I'm not. Dad taught me to play when I was a mere baby."

"Don't you want to learn to swim?" asked the boss.

Jean gave a little sigh. "One of the dreams of my life is to be a swimmer. But I've given up all hope."

Again that look of speculation came to Bill Elkins' blue eyes. "Let me give you a lesson. It's really easy. Come! I'll hold up your chin. Try once, just to please me."

Jean's vivid lips closed firmly. Some of the high color left her cheeks and her dark eyes widened. But she allowed Elkins to lower her slowly into the water, where for a moment she struggled with the breast stroke.

"One—two—three!" he counted. "One—two—three! Hold your breath now; a wave is coming."

Jean tried to obey, but as the wave struck them she gave a shriek and threw her arms about the boss with the desperation of the drowning. He held her fast to him and for a moment, after the wave receded, the two clung to each other, heart beating against heart. Then a second wave followed and Jean dashed for the shore. Elkins made no attempt to follow her.

"Coward!" he called after her contemptuously; and as Jean, stung to fury, turned, he plunged into the water and swam deliberately back to the float.

Jean flung herself down in the sand. "Coward!' First he's disappointed in me! Then he insults me! I'm going to get a job somewhere else. As if he weren't a failure himself! Somebody ought to tell him a few things."

Jean was very silent the rest of the day. She won two sets of tennis in the afternoon, but found no joy in the winning, and when she went to bed it was with a look as nearly grim as was possible for her.

The next afternoon Jean obtained grudging permission from old Jim Farrow to leave the office an hour early. At 5 o'clock she, entered a building that she had passed every week day for two years.

"I want to see the swimming master," she said to the young woman



THE BOSS SAT DOWN BESIDE HER. THERE WAS A BOYISH LOOK IN HIS FACE THAT JEAN NEVER BEFORE HAD SEEN THERE.

at the desk. A tall blond man in white flannels, his thick mop of yellow hair waving, came in at the young woman's call.

"I'm the greatest fool in the world about swimming," said Jean a little breathlessly. "I just can't learn. Do you think you could do anything with me?"

"I can teach you," he said, "if you'll come to the pool. You can't swim, probably, because you're afraid of water."

Jean set her teeth. "I'll come," she said. "How much will it cost, and how long will it take?"

"If you really want to develop form and finish, you'd better come five times a week for six months. And that will cost you——" He named a sum that made Jean's heart sink. She gave a slight shiver.

"I'll be here tomorrow," she said.

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THE next six months of Jean's life should be told in terms of the swimming pool. All her other interests slipped into second place. There is but one thing in life more powerful than human fear, and that is the human will. Jean's cowardice and Jean's will were engaged in a battle, the porportions of which only the swimming master and Jean knew.

Every day for months, as the clock neared 5, Jean lifted her han toward the telephone to plead indigestion as an excuse for no swimming lesson that day. Every day came a flashing vision of two faces—the boss', contemptuous of lip, speculative of eye, and the swimming master's, firm of jaw and steady of gaze. Every day at 5:30 o'clock she presented herself at the pool. Every day at 5:45 o'clock the swimming master entered the pool with her.

It was a beautiful pool. It lay like a great square translucent emerald in the white-tiled hall. But it was long before Jean could think of it with anything but horror. The swimming master never made the slightest concession to her cowardice. He never lost patience with her. He never allowed her to leave the pool without accomplishing the day's stunt.

He forced her to force herself to hold her head under water again and again and again, until this initial fear left her. He enticed her gently but none the less implacably to lie on her back in the shallow end of the pool. She clutched at him wildly for many days, but finally came a day when, though her face was white and her lips were twisted, she released her hold on him and lay floating on the transparent bosom of the pool.

Then came a day when the swimming master bade her lie on her back, while he, swimming with his shoulder beneath hers, pushed her the length of the pool. Jean stared at him, abject misery in her eyes. He returned the look.

"I'll never give in to you. You know that, don't you?" he asked.

Jean, clinging to the edge of the pool, turned slowly over on her back. Very gently, very slowly, the swimming master, bringing his shoulder against hers, began to swim down the pool. Jean kept her head until the black numbers on the pool edge said eight feet. Then with a scream she clutched the swimming master round the neck. Treading water, he removed her clinging arms.

"You may as well be quiet, because we are going the length of the pool again and again."

She grew quiet and the trip continued. Once at the end of the pool, however, Jean refused to return. The swimming master sat down comfortably on the steps.

"I can wait as long as you can," he said. "This time when we reach the eight-foot mark you must float alone while I count sixty."

Jean's tragic face, turned pleadingly to his, was very lovely, but the swimming master did not soften.

Before she left, Jean paddled herself slowly on her back the length of the pool. The swimming master watched her from the steps with inscrutable eyes. When she clambered unsteadily up beside him, he smiled:

"Tired?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Jean. "Aren't you?"

"Yes, I am," rising wearily. "I'll look for you tomorrow at the usual time."

It was considerably easier after that—not but what, as she undertook the breast-stroke, the swimming master was obliged for many days to wear his iron look of implacability. But she learned the stroke in beautiful form, and by degrees followed this with others.

There came an afternoon when, as Jean would have gone carefully down the steps into the water as usual, the swimming master said:

"This is the beginner's dive. Watch me closely. Hands so! Head so! Knees so!" and he made a curving, silent drop into the green water.

When he was back beside her, Jean met his level look with the old horror in her eyes.

"Go ahead, Miss Atwood," he said.

"Give me time!" whispered Jean.

She walked slowly out to the end of the springboard and stood, a tense, slender figure, gazing at the shimmering green depths below. Her face was white, her lips compressed. Five minutes went by, another five. The swimming master neither spoke nor moved. Five minutes more. Suddenly Jean lifted her arms above her head, stooped and dropped into the pool.

She came up half-laughing, half-sobbing, and in a moment was back on the springboard and had repeated the dive.

Her water fear was gone.

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MEANTIME matters had been going rather badly for the firm of Elkins & Co. It was losing more contracts, and an air of depression hung over the offices. At the time of her first dive the drafting room was at work on drawings for a railroad bridge in the Andes. Jean, toiling over the strain-sheets, was filled with scorn.

"It's a stupid idea, from start to finish," she told herself. "They should make a suspension here and not a cantilever. They'll never on earth win this bid."

The night after Jean had made her first dive, she dreamed that she had dived into the Hudson from a bridge she herself had swung across from Spuyten Duyvil to the Palisades. She woke laughing. On her way to breakfast that morning she met her landlady in the hall.

"By the way, Mrs. Fisk," she said, "you took my room away from me for two months, and it's now six. I want it back today."

The landlady's voice rose shrilly. "You keep the room you've got, and be thankful for it."

Jean tapped Mrs. Fisk on the shoulder. "Not one cent of rent do you get from me until I'm moved back into my old room. I'm your steadiest roomer, and you need me. I'm through being used for a doormat." Jean sailed on, followed by Mrs. Fisk's meek, "All right, Miss Atwood."

Jean was feeling very fit, indeed. As she jammed into the subway train a young girl who was chewing gum tried to shove her way into the seat Jean was about to confiscate. She planted a well-muscled elbow under the young person's arm.

"Thank you so much," murmured Jean, and sank into the seat with a smile for the other's scowl.

When she reached her drawing-board, instead of taking up her pencil, she gazed long at the detail on which she was at work. Then, very deliberately, she took a huge bundle of sketches from her locker and made her way along the hall to the door marked "Private." She rapped smartly at the door, and when Mr. Elkins called, "Come in!" she entered without apology.

"Good morning, Mr. Elkins," she said. "Won't you please ask Mr. Farrow to come in? I have something I want to say to both of you."

The boss' astonishment shone in his face. "I beg your pardon?" he said.

Jean nodded. "I know it looks queer, but I can't go over Mr. Farrow's head, and he refused to hand my suggestions on to you. So I'm going to see you both together."

The boss fumbled for the push-button.

Jim Farrow's lower jaw sagged as he came in and saw Jean spreading her sketches on the desk.

"Miss Atwood has something to say which she will say only to the two of us, Farrow," said Mr. Elkins. "We are quite ready, Miss Atwood."

Jean cleared her throat. Her cheeks were a richer rose than usual; her eyes were deep and clear.

"We all know out in the other room that things aren't going well with our business, that we lose more bids than we win. They say that you, Mr. Elkins, are a field engineer, a construction executive and not a bridge-designer. And as for Mr. Farrow, while he's a first-class draftsman, he couldn't create a culvert for a country road. And he's determined that no woman shall make designs for Elkins & Co. The chief engineer is old-fashioned. He was clever when your father was here to supply the idea, but he's no good now."

Jean moistened her lips while the two men stared at each other. Elkins' face was expressionless, but Jim Farrow's was flushed angrily.

"Now, look here, Miss Atwood——" he began.

"Wait a minute, Jim," said the boss. "What is your suggestion, Miss Atwood?"

"This," replied Jean, laying her hand on one of the sketches "Here is an idea for the new bridge, which I sketched at home. You see, you aren't bold enough. There's no reason why you should do all the expensive grading indicated in the chief engineer's and Mr. Farrow's design. Why not a full steel construction from hill 31 to hill 40, like this combination suspension? Then you cut down the expense of your substructure."

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THE two men gazed in silence at the sketches. Bold, indeed, and graceful, but of obvious strength and simplicity swung the great spider web across the canyon.

"It will demand unusual care and resourcefulness by the field engineer, of course," said Jean a little breathlessly, "but they say out in the drafting room that you have no equal in America as a field executive. There's that marvelous concrete arch at El Muerto and the cantilever at Deep River and the three-mile suspension trestle at Twin Peaks. You and your father must have made a great team, Mr. Elkins."

She was speaking as though she and the boss were alone in the room. Jim Farrow looked like a man of stone. Bill Elkins' thin face was deeply flushed. He turned from the sketches to stare out of the window. After a moment he said gruffly:

"Jim, you go out and get the chief. If you'll leave the sketches here, Miss Atwood, I'll call you again in the course of an hour."

Jean bolted. She returned to her desk and sat for a long time, making a careful sketch of nothing in particular. At the end of that time she was summoned by the stony-faced Farrow.

The chief engineer rose as she entered the room. "My hat is off to you, Miss Atwood. It's a real idea. You've no objections to some changes in detail, have you?"

"That depends!" replied Jean carefully.

The boss smiled. "Sit down, Miss Atwood. There are a number of things to go over. Farrow, tell Howard not to start for Arizona today and tell those chaps in the other room there'll be night work for the next week. Now, then, Howard."

The session lasted until midafternoon. When it was finished Jean's bridge, unchanged in its essentials, was the bridge on which Elkins & Co. was to make its bid. She was glad that the rush into which the decision plunged all hands was so great that no one thought to make any particular comment on her share in the shift of plans. She felt that in taking her contribution for granted they were paying her the final compliment that a woman may receive in the business world.

During the week that followed, nobody slept much, but the drawings, strain-sheets and specifications for the bid were finished on time Friday night. The boss ordered the office closed all day Saturday, and Jean joined a party for a week-end at Atlantic City.

Sunday afternoon they all adjourned to the pool. Jean did not go in at first. She was sitting with her feet dangling in the water, watching her friends splash about, when a familiar, quiet voice said:

"Still afraid to go in, Miss Engineer?"

Jean looked up at the boss with startled eyes. "Where did you come from?" she exclaimed.

"I heard you tell young Archer of your week-end plan," replied Elkins. "I may be a failure as a bridge-designer, but I can swim. Would you like me to give you a lesson?"

"Yes, you may try." Jean rose as she spoke. "Come along." They were at the deep end of the pool, and she dropped over in a clean, silent dive, coming up twenty feet away. Elkins did not stir. Jean came back with a long overarm stroke, shook herself on the steps like a puppy, and dropped down beside the boss.

"Why did you deceive me last summer? You swim as well as you play tennis," he said.

"I didn't deceive you!" she cried indignantly. "I couldn't swim a stroke last summer, and I was more afraid of water than you can possibly imagine. But no one can call me a coward twice."

"You mean that you've learned since? Who taught you?"

"A swimming master," replied Jean thoughtfully, "who is considerable of a person, when you come to think of it."

"Hadn't you thought of that before?"

"No, I was too busy fighting fear, and after that I was too busy reforming you." Jean's lovely black eyes, brimming with mischief, turned to the boss.

"What did he have to say about you?" asked Elkins, his face as inscrutable as usual.

"Why, nothing, of coure; I was just a pupil."

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THE boss dropped his aloof manner sufficiently to grunt: "He must be baldheaded and toothless, then."

Jean suddenly laughed. She never had had a beau, never had wasted the richness of first love in the little searing processes of flirtation. Yet there was that in the "snob's" manner that she recognized as well as would any accomplished belle.

"Oh, Jean," called Mrs. Turner, "it's time to go up for dinner! We're all coming out."

"All right; I'll have a swim and follow," replied Jean. "Goodness," she went on to Elkins, "it's nearly 7 o'clock. Come on in. We'll have the water to ourselves."

The boss plunged in after her. "Show me your strokes," he said as he overtook her.

But Jean had had her triumph and was quite content. She laughed again.

"No, it's your turn. I've done my bit." She climbed up to the marble step at the shallow end.

"Whew!" she went on conversationally, "they keep this room too warm, don't they? Go ahead! I can see your stroke well from here."

But the boss, shaking his thick wet hair out of his eyes, sat down beside her. And suddenly there was a boyish look in his face that Jean never before had seen there.

"Do you know, if we win that bid, who is going to act as field engineer?" he asked her.

"No, I don't," replied Jean.

"Well, I am. For five years I've tried to carry out my father's idea that I manage the office, and now I'm through, thanks to you. How did you ever come to think it out?"

"I didn't think it out. Everybody in the office knew what a mistake you were making. What I wonder at is where I got the courage to talk to you as I did."

"Did it take so much courage? I thought"—this very gently—"that though we'd talked to each other so little, we knew each other perfectly, from that very first day."

Jean looked at him quickly, her parted lips giving ever so small a glimpse of her white teeth. The boss laid his hand softly on hers. "Didn't it seem so to you?" he urged.

"Yes," replied Jean, "even though you were disappointed in me so long."

"And you in me!"

They both laughed. Jean looked down.

"Why do you suppose I never had a beau?" she asked suddenly.

"Probably because you never wanted one. But you've got one now, whether you want him or not. You needn't look around; the attendant went to supper five minutes ago."

"So must I!" exclaimed Jean, rising.

The boss rose, too, and caught both her hands in his.

She lifted her lovely face and stared long and wistfully into the blue eyes above hers. They were very fine blue eyes, with a high degree of pride and intelligence in them. But evidently Jean found more than this in them, for when the boss wrapped her in his arms as if he never meant to let her go, she only put her arms about his neck.

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Unseen Jewels.

JEWELS are usually thought of as ornamental, but in one form they are purely utilitarian. As bearings for watches and other small machines they are no less valuable than when they grace a ball dress or are strung on a necklace. The most costly gems are not thus used, the specimens employed being small.

Watch manufacturers of the United States use annually several millions of jewels, and makers of certain classes of instruments also make use of jewels in large quantities. There is, in fact, a steady increase in the number of jeweled bearings applied by instrument makers to such devices as recording and other electrical meters, gauges, etc.

While large quantities of these jewels are imported, a great many are mined and cut in the United States. The processes of manufacture which carry the rough stone to its finished condition mounted in its setting, ready for dropping into place in watch or other mechanism, comprise a series of most interesting operations.

There are several sources of supply for the rough sapphires from which the jewels are cut, chief of which are Ceylon, Australia and Montana. Curiously enough, while we are apt to think of sapphires as blue, they actually are found in about all colors of the rainbow. The Australian stone is said to be the hardest and correspondingly brittle. The stone from Ceylon is not quite so hard and is less brittle. The Montana stone is said to be best for jewels in mechanisms where any strength is required, as it is less brittle than the others and less easily fractured. The Montana stones are sorted out as taken from the mine and those distributed to jewel manufacturers are generally of a light-green color, the more valuable stones being reserved for settings in rings and other jewelry.

One of the surprising features of jewel manufacture is the rapidity with which these sapphire bearings are produced. For example, ordinary sizes of jewels are regularly turned, drilled and polished at the rate of 30 to 100 a day of ten hours. The holes in these jewels can be drilled and polished by one operator at the rate of 200 a day of ten hours. To the ordinary mechanic, at least, this seems like very rapid work upon such material. The production of some of the fine instrument jewels is, of course, less, 40 a day being a fair average. The polishing on these fine jewels consumes a somewhat longer time, each one being microscopically inspected.

MR. DOOLEY ON THE WANDERERS

BY FINLEY PETER DUNNE

"POOR la-ads, poor la-ads," said Mr. Dooley, putting aside his newspaper and rubbing his glasses. "'Tis a hard lot theirs, 'thim that go down into th' sea in ships,' as Shapespeare says.

"Ye niver see a storm on th' ocean? Iv coorse ye didn't. How cud ye, ye that was born away fr'm home?

"But I have, Jawn. May th' saints save me fr'm another! I come over in th' boweels iv a big crazy balloon iv a propeller, like wan iv thim ye see hooked up to Dempsey's dock, loaded with lumber an' slabs an' Swedes.

"We watched th' little ol' island fadin' away behind us, with th' sun sthrikin' th' white house-tops iv Queenstown an' lightin' up th' chimbleys iv Martin Hogan's liquor store.

"Not wan iv us but had left near all we loved behind, an' sare a chance that we'd iver spoon th' stirabout out iv th' pot above th' ol' peat fire again.

"Yes, by dad; there was wan—a lad fr'm th' county Roscommon. Divvle th' tear he shed. But, whin we had parted fr'm land, he turns to me, an' says, 'Well, we're on our way,' he says, 'We are that,' says I. 'No chanst fr' thim to turn around an' go back,' he says. 'Divvle th' fut,' says I.

"An' that was th' last we see of sky or sun f'r six days. That night come up th' divvle's own storm. Th' waves tore an' walloped th' ol' boat, an' th' wind howled, an' ye cud hear the machinery snortin' beyant.

"Murther, but I was sick! Wan time th' ship it 'd be standin' on its head, thin rollin' over cow-like on th' side; an' ivry time it lurched me stummick lurched with it, an' I was tore an' rint an' racked till, if death came, it'd found me willin'.

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"AN' th' Roscommon man—glory be, but he was disthressed. He set on th' flure, with his hands on his belt an' his face as white as stone, an' rocked to an' fro.

"'Ahoo,' he says, 'ahoo, but me insides has torn loose,' he says, 'an' are tumblin' around, he says.



"THE STORM HAD DONE ITS WORST——"

"'Say a parther an' avy,' says I, I was that mad f'r th' big bosthoon f'r his blatherin'. 'Say a pather an' avy,' I says; 'f'r ye're neart to death's dure, avick.'

"Through th' storm there was a baby cryin'. 'Twas a little wan, no more thin a year ol'; an' 'twas owned be a Tipp'rary man who came fr'm near Clonmel, a poor, weak, scarey-lookin' little divvle that lost his wife, an' see th' bailiff walk off with th' cow, an' thin see him come back again with th' process servers.

"An' so he was comin' over with th' babby, an' bein' mother an' father to it. He'd rock it be th' hour on his knees, an' talk nonsense to it, an' sing it songs——'Aha, 'twas There I met a Maiden,' an' 'Th' Wicklow Mountaineer' an 'Th Rambler fr'm Clare,' an' 'O'Donnel Aboo,' croonin' thim in th' little baby's ears, an' payin' no attintion to th' poorin' thunder above his head, day an' night, day an' night, poor soul.

"An' th' babby cryin' out his heart, an' him settin' there with his eyes as red as his hair, an' makin' no kick, poor soul.

* * * *

"BUT wan day th' ship settled down steady, an' ragin' stummicks with it. An' near all th' steerage went out; f'r th' storm had done its worst, an' gone on to throuble those that come afther, an' may th' divvle go with it. 'Twill be rest f'r that little Tipp'rary man; f'r th' waves was r-runnin' low an' peaceful, an' that babby have sthoppen cryin'.

"He had been settin' on a stool, but he come over to me. 'Th' storm,' says I, 'is over. 'Twas wild while it lasted,' says I. 'Ye may say so,' says he. 'Well, please Gawd,' says I, 'that it left none worse off thin us.'

"'It blew ill f'r some an' aisy f'r others,' says he. 'Th' babby is gone.'

"'An' so it was, Jawn, f'r all his rockin' an' singin'. An' in th' avin' they burried it over th' side into th' sea. An' th' little man see thim do it."

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